

To Fly on Wings of Paper Mache and Red Stained ...

by The Bud

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Disclaimer

I am a dumb college kid. I am poor and proud of it. Please don't sue me.

I know lots of english but can easly pretend not to and choose not to enlighten one upon my secretivly extended vocabulary. Nevermind, I'm a stupid college kid. And I do not have any affiliation with any said group or party written hereof. But you wouldn't do that to me.. would ye?

Yer ol' pal,

The Bud.

To Fly on Wings Made of paper mache and red stained glass.

My name is Warren Worthington, the third. In my world, the name shreaks

privilage and money. I have never had a problem showing it off ither.

True to traditional form, I am for all intents and purposes, engaged to

another person of auster background, Elizabeth Braddock. Typical rich girl.

Except she's a purple haired mutant. As I said, thats my world.

Now I'm not so sure MY world is the one that has everything. True,

here I fly on my own wings, I can eat at the most expensive resturants

and live in museum like splendor. But here, our lives are also everyone

elses buisness. I can eat elegant foods, but not without a camera in my face at

all times. I never really thought about it. I grew up that way.

"Give the public what they want." Dad would say, while we were eating at five

star resturants. That was the only times I would get to be with him.

While we "gave" to the public. I thought no one in the world could

resist "the old Worthington charms."

I was wrong. I went to a small resturant one day that blew my veiws on

life out of the water. The place was packed full to the brim and It looked as though only

five people ran the place. Betsy was getting upset because it took five minutes yo

"seat a woman of her back ground and another half hour to get her food."

I explained to her this was a small resturant and we did order something

leighthly to prepare, but she grew furieuse! She made me grab the nearest waitress

to demand to talk to the manager. The poor exausted girl Betsy made me flag

went strait to our request.

Elizabeth was fuming brat like the ten minutes it took for the girl to find anybody.

When the girl returned, she came back with a pale woman no older than twenty.

She had dark spots under her eyes caused by no sleep and had food stains all over her apron.

Betsy blew her top and railed the two women out about how " (she) wanted the manager" and

screaming about how" you bought me the cook instead!."

She was really making a scene. After looking into the stressed and over worked eyes of the woman

and seeing the girl burst into tears, for the first time I was ashamed.

I had blown my top at people before and degraded a cook for his skills in front

of thousands. I felt ashamed not only for me but the class of people

I belonged to and how badly we treat people. I looked again, and I think

I fell into a crush almost. The woman just took Betsy's tongue lashing

without a word. The girl ran to tend to the other customers. They were staring.

I knew this was going to the papers tomorrow. The woman's name tag said "Rose"

and she had deep grey sorrowful eyes that could drown you and choke you with your own

tears and listening to Betsy bitch, I thought I'd die. She looked strong,

but frail and after Betsy ended with " Now what do you have to say for yourself

you lazy scab." Shame hit me full in the face.

Rose just looked her square in the eyes and said, "I pity you. You've

never felt the joy of caring for yourself and earning what you have by your

own hands." A twenty year old woman knew more about living than I did

all my years as a crime fighting superhero.

She went on and I felt my soul yearn for simplicity. " You have never had

the joy of blackberry picking and fire fly chasing at dusk nor watching children

all around you with ice cream waiting for the firecrackers to start."  
Betsy

stood there shocked out of her pampered head. "And" Rose finished

" you have never understood what people calling in to work can do to  
your day."

" Now don't worry about your check. I'll cover it. We don't want your  
money

here and your screaming is ruining my customers meal. It's my kid's

birthday today and I gotta tell him mommy's gonna be late because a  
woman

thinks she owns the world. Now please leave."

Betsy was going to say something, but she mercifully shut up. She's  
no match

for Rose. As we leave, I see Rose one last time from the side as the  
customers cheer.

She had to have been at least seven months pregnate. And in the  
morning I was right,

after listning to Betsy call her lawyer about suing the resturant,  
Front page

of the Daily Bugle, with a pictures done by Peter Parker, There we  
are.

But the headlines don't say "Rich couple stirs up trouble with  
locals"

The headlines say " Woman dies during delivery after argument at work  
place."

The paper said Rose just worked to hard for her body and she  
collapsed to the floor

and died just after we left. Betsy never did read the article

And I never did say we were sorry. But those harrowed grey eyes still

greet me in my sleep. Guilt is a powerful thing that I never really  
had untill now.

But we still went to court and I gave the public what they wanted.

End  
file.